



A N E L E G Y

On the Right Honourable

Sir **JOHN CHAPMAN** K^{nt.}

Lord Mayor of the City of London;

Who departed this Life on *Sunday* the Seventeenth of *March*, 168², at his Mansion-House at *Grocers-Hall*.

Rooms for our *Tears*, for here are *Thousands* come,
To Vent our *Grief* at his Commanding *Tomb*.
See how each *Honest* Blubber'd Cheek doth wear
The *Sad Enamel* of a *Briny Tear*!
Each *Soul* turns a *close Mourner* in its *Cell*,
And ev'ry *Tongue* becomes a *Passing Bell*;
Ev'n *Heaven* to lend more *moisture* to our *Eyes*
At his *Remove*, in *Tears* did *Sympathise*
But *Oh!* What *Mortals* *Genius* can *Devise*
A *Decent Flood* for *such* a *Sacrifice*?
His *Mighty* worth must in our hearts be writ,
For 'tis above the reach of *Head* or *Wit*.

Such was his *Just* and *Generous* Behaviour,
Got him the *Peoples* Love and *Princes* favour.
Worth, not *Advancement*, doth beget *Esteem*;
The *Highest* *Weathercock* the *Least* doth seem.
To the *Kings* hand he Ow'd his *Great Renown*,
But still the *Merit* of it to his *Own*.

Though like the *Orbs* commanding from afar;
He that Our *Pilot* was, is now our *Star*:
Yet though by many *Spheres* Divided hence,
Governs this *City* still by *Influence*.

To *Charity* the way he *Nobly* led,
And Dy'd to let us see *She* was not dead;
But (what his *Bounty* with the *Highest* Ranks)
It was not *Known* till it could know no *Thanks*;
That *Empty Puff* of *Praise* he car'd not for
The *Benefactor* is *Gods* *Creditor*.

He Liv'd to see the *Glory* of the *Land*,
Our *Mighty KING* by *mighty Love* Command
He Liv'd to see Our *Good* and *Gracious* *LORD*,
Our *Peace*, and *Liberty*, by him *Restor'd*;
And then with *Joy* *Resign'd* his *Vital* *Breath*,
And willingly *Embrac'd* the arms of *Death*.

See how the *Pious* *Marble* seems to weep,
As being *Conscious*, whatsoe're doth sleep?
The much-lov'd *Ashes* of a *Mayor* so *Good*,
Should be of *Better* worth, than *Stone*, or *Wood*:
And *Boasting*, seems to say, *His Name* will be
An *Everlasting* *Monument* to me.

Angels now sing to thee their *Cryes* *Divine*
And *Joy* in an *applause* so great as *Thine*.
Here *Every* *Mourner* cause has to be *Chief*,
And need *Gradation* to so great a *grief*
Whilst thy *Great* *memory* *Lives* with us, and shall
With the *World* only, have a *Funeral*.

What can I *Further* add? Here in a word
Lyes the *Comptroller* of the *Crown* and *Sword*.

E P I T A P H.

Compel me not to speak aloud,
Death would then Grow too too proud,
At the *Great* *Soul* he has subdu'd.

Ask you! Why so many a *Tear*
Burst's forth! I'll tell you in your *Ear*,
'Tis the *Great* *Chapmans* *Dust* lies here.

That is the *mighty* cause therefore,
Thankless *Reader*, never more
Urge a, Why thus *Tears* run o're.